

# Just Like A Windmill

by NoTato

Category: Vocaloid  
Genre: Angst, Romance  
Language: English  
Characters: Len K., Rin K.  
Pairings: Len K./Rin K.  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 2016-04-11 18:07:05  
Updated: 2016-04-11 18:07:05  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:48:56  
Rating: T  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 1,733  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: I was a windmill that once spun endlessly till the winds died down and never came back. I'm distraught, my heart shattered to pieces. I can't bear live through this nightmare of a life, so what's a better way to end it than to finish off my own life? After all, Lenny here is just doing the world a favour, right? Warning: contains twincest and dark stuff...

## Just Like A Windmill

**\*\*WARNING! \*\*\*\***If you don't like twincest or incest, or Canon Characters x OCs (slightly), sensitive to ideas like suicide, don't like any of the pairings or even the genre (don't even know why you'd press on it if you could see the genre of this story), AND don't like newb writing... THEN TURN AWAY NOW! THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING! CLICK AWAY!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong><span>!Story Info (In CASE)!<span>\*\*

\*\*\*\*\_Genre:

><em>\*\*\*\*Angst/Romance/Drama/Tragedy (we'll see how it ends)

\*\*\_(MAIN) Pairing:

><em>\*\*Len/Rin (Duh)

\*\*\_Other POSSIBLE Pairings?:

><em>\*\*Miku/Mikuo, Gumi/Gumiya, Meiko/Kaito, Teto/Ted, (one-sided) Rin/Mikuo

\*\*\_Involves:

><em>\*\*Suicide, jealousy, angst, drama

\* \* \*

><p><em>Ehem, welcome to my story! Haha, wow, my story â€" my first published story on this very account. Who knew that it'd be so angsty? But I had to join FF after reading so much stories on RinxLen and boy were they good! \*laughs out loud\* <em>

\_Well, I hope you like it since I'm quite new to writing to this genre \_\_\*sighs before mumbling\* School never making me write something like this... \_

\_Rin: Don't mind the idiot! Keep reading, 'kay? \*beams\*\_

\_Len: \*rolls eyes\* Way to go, Rin. You really want them to see yo-  
\_

\_Rin: \*covers his mouth with hands\* Ahahaha, don't mind this shota either. \_

\_Len: Hey!\_

\_Rin: \*faces Len with a frightening glare\* Say one more word and I swear I will make you regret being born. \_

\_Len: \*nods his head really fast, concern for his life in his eyes\*\_

\_Uhh... that was weird. \_

\*\*Disclaimer: I do own Vocaloid! As if I can say that, otherwise... I'd have done stuff for my amusement... \*grins\*\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong><span>Just like a Windmill<span>

><strong>

\_Prologue\_

\_by NoTato\_

\* \* \*

><p>Suicide.<p>

The word that brought forth so many different reactions: turning away uncomfortably or looking with concern towards the one who spoke such a word. It's the word that would bring many connotations and is a taboo that society judges. Obviously, one argument would be that life is precious and doesn't come again. (Ever heard the phrase 'YOLO'? 'You live only once' â€" yes, that one.)

Suicide - the ending to one's life.

But to me? It's the final to a never-ending seething pain that tortures you - or rather; the medicine, the only treatment that could stop this punishment of mine now.

Funny really.

It's horror to those who are lucky enough who are not so far-driven in this hell and are not able to experience the torture for so long or are just brave. It's horror to those who watch, but to the participant? It's simply a pleasure. It's a gift - the way we believe that the torture ends after that one slice to death.

I laughed hollowedly as I now dangerously dangled my legs over the edge of this roof.

Hearing this familiar thought, I softly hummed a song that had such similar words.

I sang the words that came to mind,

\_"My feet are dangling off the edge,  
>the bottom of the bottle of my only friend,<br>I think I'll slit my wrists again and I'm gone, gone, gone, gone."\_

Above me, looming dark clouds rolled in as small droplets of water fell heavily - as if the world was crying in mockery awaiting my own ending of this cruel play. Like the tears of an audience who would soon recover as soon as the next day.

I was close to death's door.

Usually those who commit such a taboo were often those frail and hopeless despite being the once strong selves. They crumbled from such a long term cause, short fuses sparking to lead to this eventual ending.

They didn't care; they just couldn't cope with the torture. Usually, they put up a strong front or perhaps just simply made themselves knowingly depressed - gloomy and a social outcast. Their stomachs would knot in hatred as soon as they see themselves, ignore all the great achievements they've done or perhaps when someone who fakes their depression just for attention.

Suicidal people: lifeless bodies that barely and tiredly holds on to that tiny soul that would escape if that body even jumps a slight bit. The determination, the hope, the faith in life would shake as the body crumbles and they couldn't keep their own soul anymore eventually becoming just a simple, yet useless container devoid of any life present.

Just soulless.

To me, they were like a windmill.

A windmill surrounded with nothing that a single wind would refuse to come forth to push those great blades of happiness. They never came that the blades don't even move and were just hanging in the air with no purpose and serving as a no-hope-giver due to the fact that they can't even provide a single bit of electricity. Not until that great big push of a single hope - the winds. Only a lucky windmill with so much wind could keep going and keep being strong and achieve more electricity - provide more hope, reliance and happiness.

I was a windmill that once spun endlessly till the winds died down and never came back.

I was the one who joined happily but am now out of the stupid merry-go-round of happiness that traps you in its trickery of beautiful lies.

I was once the fire that grew brightly but I wavered from any sign of contact with the wind before eventually dying out.

I was once born to be a warrior, but now I'm a coward who can't face even the obstacles of life.

And I'm the one who will rewrite my ending; cause my own end and cut off the puppet strings controlled by life.

I was never the one who'll stay standing at the end of this game.

Never the flame that will shine brightly.

Never the windmill that keeps going.

Never the strong-willed warrior.

Never the star that would've stood out more.

Never the boy that everyone once loved.

I laughed once more as tears streaked down my cheeks. But those tears might as well be the rain or perhaps the love of life and hope that had been built into my system - as if my body is ready to let that out and just end it.

My laughs reverted into stifled sobs as I thought of the cause that led me here... Just barely hanging on to the end of the string that's keeping me to life - the fright of death.

I had lost everything.

My friends, my family, my old world, my society, and... My own sister.

I was a dangerous virus that entered the stomach of this world as it desperately tried to vomit me out in an attempt to restore itself.

I was simply just an eyesore.

So I figured, why not do the world a favour?

I reached my hand out to catch the small droplets of crystals that reflected my own pitiful reflection. Despite that, the droplets disappeared as quick signifying perhaps my own doom.

At least I'd be leaving a proof of life - or rather, the proof that was once alive.

Blowing out the blonde strand of hair that escaped my ponytail, I carefully stared down at the faraway ground. It was out of reach but I'll eventually be down there in a heartbeat. Instead, I focused my gaze at the city skyline. It was so pretty that the grey dullness of the sky didn't even affect the picturesque scene. The bright lights

shining in windows... They reminded me of her eyes.

Those gorgeous crystal blue eyes that reflected the most amazing ocean and could outmatch even the brightest star.

\_Rin's eyes.\_

Yet those eyes would never look my way again, they would but instead it would be of avoidance and disgust, no shine for me ever again.

Tears threatened to fall down my cheeks again so I gave it my permission in which it freely complied. I mean, what's the point in holding in tears when you could just let it out?

I remember. \_I still remember\_. That one day that completely shook me to the bone and confirmed my beginning of the desire to end this torture.

I was \_in love\_ with my own twin sister.

You're probably thinking that I'm a disgusting, pathetic loser of a man who fell in love with his own sibling - his own twin. And I'm asking you, where have these comments of 'Love has no boundaries' gone?

Still, I wouldn't blame you. Unless you're really enjoying this.

Her reaction was the same, a glaringly disgusted pair of eyes judging me as she desperately called for help.

Flashbacks of how it all started crossed my mind.

I bet you're wondering. You are aren't you? No? Just kidding. No one would be interested in a life of someone like me. But just to pass these final moments of mine, I'll recount my story to whoever would actually have the sanity to read my angsty torture - probably those sadistic people or those who want to cry.

And you know how it started? At the beginning of around middle school when I realised... I fell in love with Rin.

Let's start it at the beginning of my very own downfall, shall we?

\* \* \*

><p><em>Well, that was fun. I have to say though that I do not encourage suicide! This is mainly only for the purpose of writing a story and also somehow a form of me venting out feelings XD<em>

\_Rin: ...What...? Are you seriously going to intend for Len to love me? That... Weirdo?!\_

\_Author: What? You love Len.\_

\_Len: Never knew I was that angsty... \*smiles\* And awww! Little Rinnykins actually loves me! What's this? She's blushing? Wow... Aren't you such a tsun- \*orange gets shoved in his mouth by a furious looking Rin\*\_

\_Rin: \*glares threateningly with a seemingly demonic creature illusion behind her\* What did I say Len? What did I just say?\_

\_Len: \*shuts his mouth almost immediately\*\_

\_Ah, I'll never ever get tired of these two... Or maybe I will.  
\*laughs\* I'll keep them around to lighten things up a bit. \_

\_And remember, please review! Even one review will make me happy  
XD\_

End  
file.